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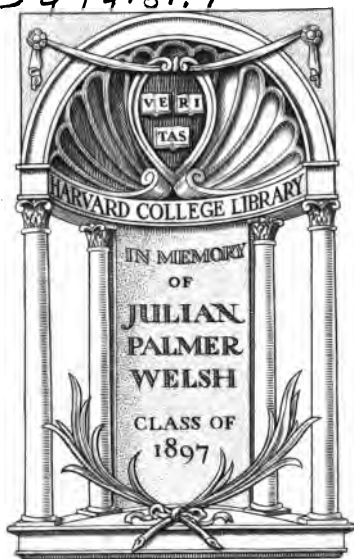
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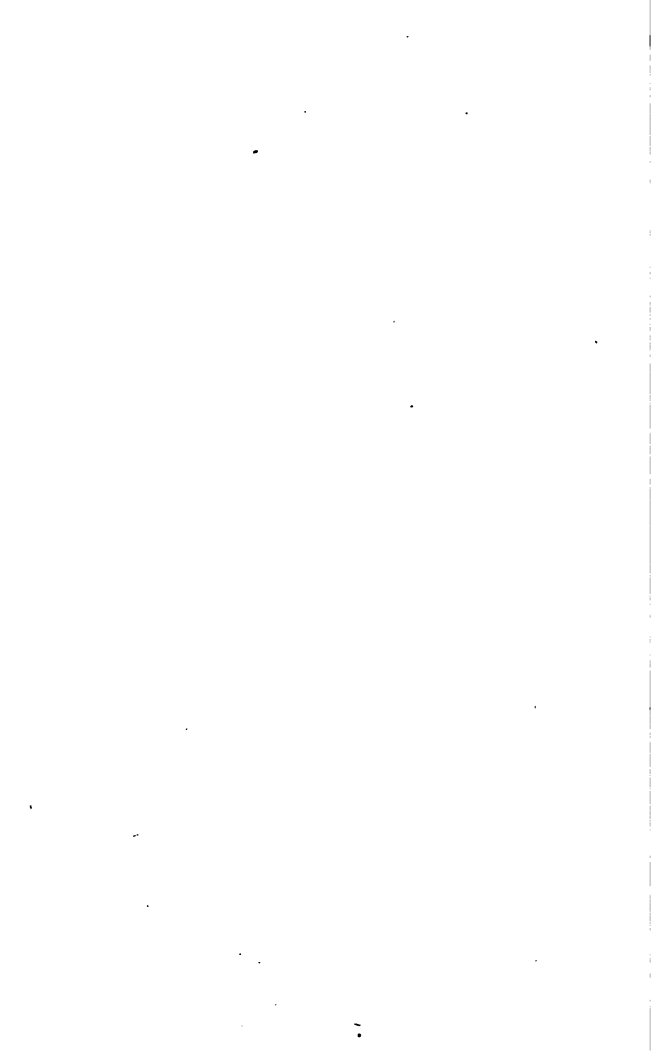


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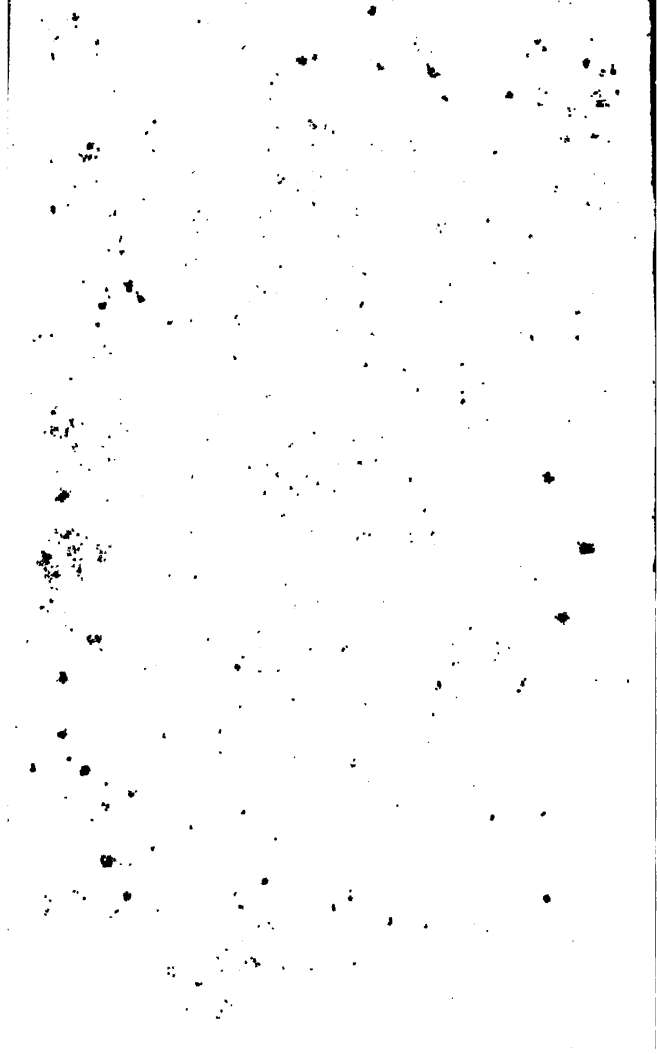
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THE
INDIAN QUEEN
OF
CHENANGO:

A POEM IN FOUR CANTOS.

BY A STUDENT.

see p. 38

Adcircone vager, scribamque licenter, ut omnes
Visuros peccata putem mea, tutus, et intra
Spem veniæ cautus? Vitavi denique culpam,
Non laudem merui. Hor. Art of Poet.

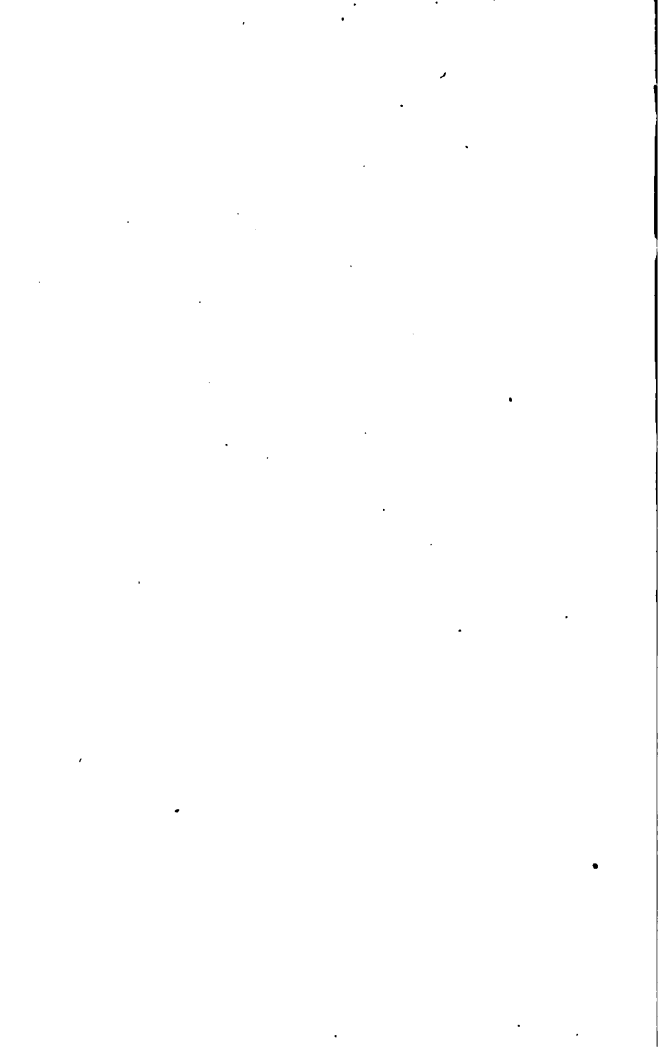
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1844.

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Welsh fund

TO
WILLIAM H. HYDE
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
THIS LITTLE WORK,
BY HIS GRATEFUL FRIEND AND FELLOW STUDENT,
THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

In presuming to present this little book to you; my fellow-citizens, be assured it is attended with no small degree of reluctance, embarrassment and anxious solicitude. And nothing but the imperious voice of necessity, added to the earnest persuasion and encouragement of individual friends, ever would have induced the Author to commit his first essay to the ordeal of public scrutiny, for approbation or condemnation: But being actuated by these motives, he submits it to you, conscious of its many imperfections,—not to challenge your criticism, but to claim your charity. Receive it, then, as it is,—the first crude essay of youth—and if it fail to awaken one pleasing thought; to merit one approving smile,—if it portray not in truth one beauty of the forest, then cast it aside, to the wreck of ephemeral existence, and let it claim of your indulgence the shades of forgetfulness, and moulder in peace.

THE AUTHOR.

Oxford, Aug., 1844.



THE INDIAN QUEEN OF CHENANGO.

CANTO I.

When early, ere the red man knew,
Of men and things beyond his view;
When ere he dreamed of other skies;
Of nations, far-remote and wise;
Of other lands with shady bow'rs,
Of cooling streams and fragrant flow'rs;
With varied woods and mountains high,
Where brilliant birds unnumbered fly;
Where other huntsmen waked the sound,
Of horns and shout along the ground;
And youth and age, enlightened, free,
Of science drank beyond the sea;
He, native through his forests roamed,
And sole the lake and mountain owned.

Ah! happy days of peace to him,
When o'er the ocean wave had been
No foreign sail, nor vessel seen,
Nor arm to spoil his woody scene.
As yet, afar his forests lay,
Begining round each sounding bay;
And spreading o'er his streams and lakes,
Were imaged on their silver wakes.
No sailor's song of glee had broke
The quiet scene, nor minstrel note;

No cracking axe nor falling trees,
Nor emigrants disturbed his ease :
But far around in fresh repose,
The forests slept, the mountains rose ;
The valleys low, the winding glades,
All sweetly lay in tranquil shades ;
While o'er the plains and 'long the glens
Or mountains, where the streamlet wends,
The moose, the elk, and agile deer,
In freedom gamboled through the year.
The Indian youth with arrowed bow,
With skillful sire pursued the roe,
And early taught, his paddle drew,
And swiftly sped his bark canoe.
And when he home from war returned,
With warrior's zeal his bosom burned ;
And chanting loud, he dancing sung,
Of bloody fields that he had won.

Then, long this river's woody shore,
Which yet its wildest vesture wore ;
—Then graced with tall, dark-waving pines,
Wide-spreading shades and creeping vines ;
With mossy walks and verdant groves,
Where wood birds sung their evening loves ;
And forest nymphs entwined their wreathes,
With ivies green, and aspen leaves—
Then here, the Indian maiden, young,
Of love, and fairy visions sung.
And where Chenango's silver stream,

Rolled through deep shades of forest green ;
And from the north its glassy flood,
Drew out from scenes of deepest wood ;
And wound along the ample glade,
Through winter's snows and summer's shade ;
Through these, and spring and autumn sung,
Its endless song these hills among ;
And on with its unending chime,
It told the annual wreck of time ;
And thus to ages then unborn,
To sing the deeds of ages' morn—
Here she lived in woods and bowers,
And happy spent her childhood hours.
A chieftain's child—the forest maid,
With tresses long and loose arrayed ;
—With graceful form and hazel eyes ;
—And decked with gems of varied dyes ;
With native song and sprightly dance,
The bravest conquered with her glance.
And often by Chenango's stream,
Beneath her shady bower of green,
When parting day shed back its rays
Of beauty, with a lovely blaze,
And gilded bright the eastern hills ;
With zephyrs charmed and purling rills—
As evening drew its somber shades,
And hushed the warblers of the glades—
This Indian maiden walked to gaze,
And muse upon her future ways.

And yet when night had hung around
Its curtains dark and gloom profound,
And breathed its tones of quiet rest,
And sung to sleep the wilderness ;
She lingered there, and happy, heard
With gentle winds, the nightly bird,
When sighing forth its plaintive song,
Which trilling up the vale along,
With murmurs swelling soft arose,
Then died away in sweet repose.

With heighten'd thoughts of wild romance,—
Of youthful love's soft stealing trance—
She there in pensive pleasure passed,
Each summer season to the last :
'Til dreaming of some fair young chief,
Who famed from thence to ocean's reef,
As bravest on the battle field,
And strongest where the mighty wield
Red death among their hostile foes—
From torrid suns to arctic snows—
And was withal her own to be,
—Her nation's theme, from sea to sea,
And in his bower 'neath the shade,
Would see and love the forest maid.

But when awaked, she sighed and grieved,
As spring put forth, and summer leaved ;
And though Chenango chimed its song,
And murmured with the feathered throng ;

—Though nature yet o'er-spread with green,
Her bower, and each wood-land scene;
And strowed the wood with moist flow'rs,
To 'guile away her leisure hours—
Still there to please she naught could find,
Nor could she soothe her sad'ning mind.

The setting sun no pleasure lent,
When o'er the hills its beams were sent—
When high upon the rocks and trees,
Its mellow flood like golden seas
Was spread; and with its dying beams,
Sparkling in the mountain streams,
And gilding bright the highland pine,
With amber fleece and burnish fine—
When far and near the forest old,
Seemed clad in leaves of shining gold—
And solitude and nature sent
Their tuneful anthems up, she went
Alone and sad, along the verge
Of wild Chenango's curling surge;
And naught of all that beauty there,
Could sooth the forest maiden's care.
Though once the lover of the wild,
—Of beauty, and on nature smiled;
Disheartened now, she pined and grieved,
And wailing, thus her thoughts bequeathed.

“A chieftain's daughter, young and fair,
With beauty and attractions rare;

—With wit and wisdom, wealthy, too,
Ah! why should I such fortunes rue!
Am always thus I doomed to roam,
These forest walks, and shades alone?
—Thus ever sad, to wind these streams
And trace alone these woody scenes?
Thus, alone, within my bower,
To sigh away each lovely hour?
And when at last my youth is fled,
To slumber lonely with the dead?
Ah why? when every forest maid
Is wooed within her native glade,
Should I, alone, be doomed to rove,
And never know the sweets of love?"

And thus the maiden wound at eve,
Her course along the banks to grieve;
And wandered over brook and brake,
To ponder o'er her hapless fate:
'Til last upon a fountain's side
She set her down; and as it hied
Its course the hazy glen along,
To listen to its tranquil song.

She mused: while o'er her high the pines,
Encircled round with laden vines—
With ashen trees, stretched forth their shade
—A shelter o'er the forest maid.
Around her wild, the flowers grew,
And evening zephyrs softly blew—

While nightingales with music sweet,
Within the adjacent thicket deep,
Unceasing caroled forth their cheer,
To vivify her sadden'd ear.
While gazing thus upon the stream,
Each star dropped down its silver beam,
And resting on the maiden fair,
With jewels filled her flowing hair;
While soft the moon with golden flood,
Gilding far the lumbering wood,
Peeped through the boughs in open space,
To shed its glory o'er her face.
And dreaming thus her thoughts unknown,
As o'er her all this beauty shone;
A Fairy came and settled low,
Above her on a waving bough;
And thus with soft and tuneful tongue,
Its mellow tone of words begun:
"Why art thou here, sweet Indian maid,
So lone and sad far in the glade?
When night has drawn its sable veil,
Wide o'er the mountain, hill and dale,
And to thy Indian hamlets brought
Repose, and ease to wearied thought?
Why not in sleep, in yonder glen,
With thy own kindred, forest men?"
At which the forest maid surprised,
Upward turned her wondering eyes;
And saw the fairy, floating low,
And touching scarce the bending bough;

And viewing it with sweet surprise,—
Its spangled dress like starry skies,
Its tiny wings of airy gold,
And jeweled form of angel mould ;
Its bright and clear expressive eyes,
O'er-hung with plumes of gayest dyes ;
And more, withal, its endless gleams,
Of splendour in the lunar beams,—
She was so lost, that scarce she knew,
Of what to think, or what to do.

At length, recovering part, she said,
“ What art thou thus?—some spirit fled
Down from the gates of highest heaven,
By some unlucky fortune driven?
Or some angelic cherub, come
A mission from Almighty's throne;
To bear into this vergeless wild,
A message to his forest child ?”

To which the Fairy quick replied :
“ No spirit's bidding to abide ;
Of heaven, or of aught I come,
Nor have I else than earth a home.
Yet powers to foretell I own,
Of mystic things as yet undone ;
With ease the same, can I tell thee,
Of things that are, or e'er will be.
So, when within my native glen,
Beyond the haunts of living men,

By this same mystic pow'r I know,
The scenes of joy, the shades of woe :
But mine it is, to rear the flower,
To weave the vine around the bow'r ;
To deck with green the hill and dale ;—
And waft the murmur 'long the vale—
To wake the warbling birds to song,
With joy infuse the feathered throng ;
To happiness and pleasure lead,
The steps of sadden'd youth in need.
And last my purpose ends with this :
To smooth the way of nuptial bliss ;
—To crown the maid with bridal flow'rs,
And fill her life with happy hours.
These arts to me, my God hath given,
To cheer thy onward way to heaven."

When thus addressed the forest maid,
The Fairy of the mountain glade.

"O ! thou divinely favoured one—
With every grace and virtue ; none
In earth's wide rolling orbit round,
Such power, and such charms has found—
Such sweet desire and zeal of mind,
To happify all human kind.
With knowledge blessed of acts to come,
Of acts past, and at present done ;
Thy wisdom great conceives no fine,
Save with the birth and eve of time.
And thus enabled, art thou, then,

To read the thoughts and acts of men ?
To know their feelings and desires,
And damp or fan their latent fires ?
And knowing all, thou knowest mine,—
To what averse, to what incline :
And knowing these, wilt freely tell
If thus to cherish them is well ?
If never of those hopes bereaved,
I'll see my brightest dreams achieved.
Kind Fairy, then, these things relate,
If changed, how soon my present state ;
And when this spell of cheerless gloom,
Shall fade away in blaze of noon."

To which the Fairy bowed its head,
And quaintly thus to her it said :
" Thus well, fair maid, recounting these,
My merits you have done, and please ;
And truly have surmised, I know
Of all thy joy and all thy woe.
I know thy hopes and each desire ;
—Each feeling, wish, nor more require ;
Thy peace and joy in early years
I knew, and all thy childish fears.
I watched thee, then, when 'neath this shade,
In early youth, you laughed and played :
When, from beneath thy eyelids beamed,
Bright rays of mirth, and beauty gleamed ;
And from thy brow long tresses played,
And floated 'midst thy ivy braid.

But since such joys thou hast not known,
Thy childhood hours have sped and gone ;
And by Chenango's stream no more,
You, happy, chant the dreams of yore.
Nor seemest thou a charm to find,
In setting sun, or balmy wind ;
In forest green, or flowery dyes,
In peering moon, or starry skies ;
Nor happy make thee, soothing words,
Nor sweetly singing summer birds :
But cheerless here thou seem'st to pine,
And sadness make unceasing thine.

Yet all thy sorrow comes unsought ;
Thy thoughts and feelings course untaught ;
For nature formed them thus to do,
And thee to love, and then to woo.
Hence thy solitude as if around
In woods, and shades, and mountains found,
Is not in them, but found in thee,
In thy own bosom void of glee.
And this is so, since thou hast seen,
Unrivalled, (in some airy dream,)
A fair young chief in some far land,
Who, eager, sought thy willing hand:
And who in grace and vigor rare,
Was fairest of the Indian fair.
With ardent love and equal part,
He seeks and has thy loving heart ;
For now beneath his native tree,

He, sleeping, dreams of thine and thee.
But where he lives, or where his home,
To thee as yet is all unknown;
And what thy fortunes yet must be,
Ere thou wilt see him, learn of me;
And happy, with no groundless fear,
My prophecy unstartled hear."

END OF CANTO I.

FAIRY'S PROPHECY.

CANTO II.

"My Prophecy, fair forest child,
The fairest of this boundless wild;
Is to presage of thee, and thine,
Infallibly through future time;—
To tell thee what thou yet wilt see,
What thou wilt do, and what wilt be;
And ever more thy steps to guide,
Through endless fortunes yet untried.
And when my all shall thus be said,
Thou wilt perceive thy fortunes dread;
And more wilt learn, that thou wast made,
No common fair-one of the shade.
So now, sweet maiden, wistful hear,
Of fleeting seasons, rolling near;
And learn in them, thy changing part,
And fix it deeply in thy heart.

First: far off in some distant land,
Which never yet thy eye hath scanned;
Away beyond these endless woods,
Where oceans roll their ceaseless floods:
Where bright, the sun its glory sheds,
Upon the clouds and mountain heads;
And soothing zephyrs, endless blow,
And forests green unfading grow;—

Where coral reefs begirt the shore,
And sweetest flow'rets, tossing o'er
The woods and seas their fragrant leaves,
With odors load the passing breeze ;
And birds of brightest plumage sing
Their anthems through eternal spring ;
And glancing high in heaven bold,
Like angels shine on wings of gold ;
There is a lovely sunny isle,
Where lived our Fairy King erewhile,
Who, (ere he was by angels ris'n,
For goodness his to live in heav'n,)
Planted there, within some bower,
The Viscum* tree of noted power.
With many natures mixed in one
The root was made, from which it sprung ;
A bough of which, when once obtained,
You have the wand of magic gained.

This, after ranging far and near,
O'er waters wide, and forests drear ;
O'er mountain lands of endless snow,
And climes where sunny rivers flow ;—
Thou last wilt find, in verdant bloom,
In virtue such, the priceless boon.
There, growing 'neath a fragrant shade,
Of olive and of myrtle made ;
And through which crystal waters glide,—
Where water-nymphs, and satyrs bide ;

*Mistletoe.

There, thou wilt find the Viscum grown,
With orange buds, and spices strown.
'Twill be a low and thrifty tree,
'The comeliest that thou wilt see ;
And 'neath whose leaves there hidden grows,
'The yellow bough with silver blows ;
A branch of which the forest child,
Will take, to guide her through the wild.
So when discovered and obtained,
'Thy troubles greatly will have waned ;
For woven in thy jetty hair,
'Twill guide thee but where pleasures are.
And should you go where dangers lie,
'Twill turn, and point the way to fly,
And safely o'er this trackless wild,
Will guide the charming forest child.

Yet, for this bough, fair maid, too long,
'To ranged these wilds and brave the storm,
Thou hast been doomed ; and much to sigh,
When from the rocks and mountains high
You look, and longing, wish to see,
'Thy silver blossomed Viscum tree.
Yet lastly thou wilt it attain,
And hither turn thy course again ;
And home-ward veering, it will guide
Thy footsteps through the forest wide ;
And coursing lakes and mountains over,
Will lead thee to thy destined lover ;
And there will point thy darts of love,

To wound the chieftain in the grove :
Then it will weave the silken fetter,
To bind thy hearts in one together.
Which when done for all thy pleasure,
Thus to him will be a treasure ;
And will away in scenes of strife,
A warring chief, preserve his life ;
And 'mid cheers—the battle over,
Safe return him to his lover.
And thus, fair forest wanderer, when
Thy chief has wooed and courted been ;—
When thou in Hymen's chains art bound,
And he his forest Queen has found ;—
When last with joy thy bridal day,
Has fled with all its scenes away ;—
Thou, blithe again, wilt seek thy home,
And never more wilt wish to roam ;
But cease to be the forest rover,
Alone to cheer thy chieftain lover ;
And here amid these walks and ways,
Wilt spend at last thy fleeting days.

Yet, when from thy wild chase returned,
In love, and war, and knowledge learned ;
Far distant from thy native land,
Thou wilt lament thy conquered band :
For doomed it is by secret fate,
A bloody sequel now to wait ;
With numbers slain and sadly riven
'Twill from its lands ere long be driven,

Its chieftain beaten, chased and slain,
Another cheif will take the reign:
And should thy father, now the chief,
'This live to see with hapless grief,
'Tis thine at present but to know,
That he would sate the hungry foe :
Yet much of this I do not tell,
For time will show thee soon too well.

A savage foe, far from the north,
Will draw their bloody legions forth,
From out those frigid regions, where
Dark-frowning rocks and mountains are ;
Where rivers deep, through gloomy woods,
Roll slowly on their somber floods ;
Where greedy bears and panthers prowl,
And wolves voracious nightly howl ;
Where wintry tempests, roaring by,
Howl bleak around the mountains high ;
And, breaking o'er their barren rocks,
Hurl down the forests from their tops,
And heave them, bounding, to and fro,
Down crashing o'er the cliffs below.
From thence, beyond the mighty lake,
Off where Ontario's surges wake ;
From lands along its northern shore,
Thy foes will come, with bark and oar ;
And armed for war, will cross the flood,—
A ruthless horde to seek thy wood.
When launched and o'er those waters spread,

Each band by bloody chieftains led;
Each eager, splashing with his ear,
And bounding after those before;
And howling, like the fiends of hell,
With maddened shout and horrid yell;
With painted face, and wampum wound,
With dancing plumes and feathers crowned,
'Twill seem as if some spirits, fell,
Were howling time's eternal knell.

Thus they will come, and moor at last,—
Ontario's heaving waters passed,—
And landing soon upon the shore,
Where first thy forests shade it o'er;
They will out pour their living floods,
And rush upon thy northern woods;
As dry leaves from autumnal limbs,
Rush on before the northern winds.
And soon arrived, fair forest maid,
Like turbid floods, they'll fill this glade;
And sudden, on these dreaming dells,
Will burst their loud and horrid yells:
And on thy sire, the chieftain's fort,
Like hail-stones will their arrows sport;
And greedy hatchets hum their way,
As gusty winds in winter's day.
And long and dreadful will they fight
'Mid clouds of weapons dark as night;
And loud, arising o'er the whole,
The war-whoop will like thunders roll.

The ground will shake, and mountains round,
Will bellow up the dreadful sound ;
Chenango red, will haste her flood,
To bear away the streams of blood ;
While fires amid thy cabins hurled,
Will light them to another world.
The storm will rage till hast'ning night,
In pity veils the woful sight ;
And each fatigued, from fight retires,
To sleep around his council fires :
While far along this vale will rest,
The hostile foes on Nature's breast ;
And dreaming of the scenes of fight,
To call them forth at morning light.
While soft the gentle winds of eve,
With warblers shall in sadness grieve ;
And sweet Chenango's purling surge,
Will sing the dying warriors dirge ;
So will the stars of heaven gaze,
As eyes of tears on human ways,
And drop in dews on friend and foe,
Their only tears for earthly woe.

Yes, thus fair maid, thy race is doomed
To war, when thou art safe from wound ;
When thou far-distant shades art 'neath,
To wind and weave thy bridal wreath ;
When all thy fortunes sweetly flow,
And weal hath smothered all thy woe :
Yet thus 'twill be, while all thy bands

Which live, will seek some other lands,
And there in wilds, vindictive roam,
Till thou return to bring them home:
Which thou wilt do, and drive their foes,
With slaughter back to northern snows ;
Then seek again thy native scene,
And victor rule,—the forest Queen.

Thus, Indian maid, have I foretold,
Too true, what thou wilt yet behold ;
What thou art fated yet to do,
And of thy warriors partly too.
Yet this is but thy dawning fate,
For greater shoals, though distant, wait ;
On which thy sons will last be tossed,
And all thy race at length be lost!

But, pensive maid, grieve not at this,
For earth must all its charms dismiss,—
As morning flowers adorn the shade,
And bloom awhile, at eve to fade ;
Thus nations far more great than thine,
Have had their morn, their evening time :
Have seen their strength and glory die,
Their proudest marts in ruins lie ;
Have basked themselves in glory's noon,
And laid themselves in glory's tomb.
So, lonely maid, heave not the sigh,
Though thou with all art doomed to die ;
But as yon moon still smiles in clouds,

Though tempests rave or gloom enshrouds,
Thus thou, though sorrow's night may frown,
Shouldst throw the cloak of peace around;
And fitted, bow to earth adieu,
And home-ward seek yon starry blue;
Where thine who are on earth oppressed,
Will join with thee among the blessed.

But far beyond that Ocean line,
Where first the gleams of morning shine;
And virgin beauty, crimson, plays
In raptures o'er the silver waves;
Where first the kingly orb of day,
Shoots forth to speed the night away;
And rises up above the floods,
To throw its beams o'er lakes and woods;
There is a race of men unknown
To thee, here in thy forest home.
And knowledge far more great than thine
They have, and of a varied kind;
And with it, thy Great Spirit gave
Them empire o'er the land and wave.
He taught them when erewhile he trod
Their mounts and plains, that he was God;
And taught them how they might with ease,
Subdue the wilds and tame the seas.
And while thus empowered, they have cleared
Away their woods, and temples reared:
And far and near are cities risen,
Whose spires glitter high in heaven;

Where Genius and Art preside,
Sweet poets sing and sages bide ;
And Science' orb with quenchless beams,
Shoots forth its light in blazing streams.

In that far land, (where God hath talked,
And angels, too, with men have walked,)
A star is rising that will set,
In glory in these forests yet :
And 'neath whose blaze will, with'ring, fade,
The verdure of this endless shade.
For there is now, in dreaming youth,
'That spirit* who will work this truth.
In youthful mirth, he pranks and plays,
And sporting dreams of nature's ways ;
And wandering o'er his vine-clad hills,
With founts refreshed and tink'ling rills,
In fancy's eye far west he sees,—
Where last the sun sinks 'neath the seas,—
'This endless land, with beauty crowned,
Where flowery meads, and plains abound ;
And lucious fruits profusely grow,
And waters sweet refreshing flow.
He pictures in his dreaming mind,
These beauties of each varied clime ;
And sees these lofty mountains high,
With castled cliffs stretch up the sky ;
These cataracts o'er summits driven,
Whose thunders drown the voice of heav'n ;
*Columbus.

And roll their peals on ages through
These woodlands wide and valleys low :
And sees thy streams and rivers curled
Through woods,—the wonders of the world :
Swift o'er whose breasts in circles fly,
Wild water-fowl and skim the sky ;
And herds of game along the shore,
Wild bounding rocks and bushes o'er :
These, through a rich and fertile mould,
With mines of silver, lead and gold ;
Of copper, coal, and iron ore,
Of all and each an endless store
He sees. And onward, farther south,
Where Amazon's unequalled mouth
Pours forth its floods, and Andes' mounts,
O'er broad green fields and crystal founts,
Bear their grim heights, uplifted high,
With crags and cliffs to reach the sky ;
And bleak, with endless snows look down,
And on God's heaving oceans frown ;
He pictures in his ardent mind,
(In beauty versed, of every kind,)
These also, with those charming scenes,
Of wild cascades and shining streams,
Winding through woods of fadeless green,
'Mid flowery banks and hills between :
'Neath shades of *lignumvitæ* leaves,
Of lemon boughs, and orange trees ;
Mahogany shrubs, and olive groves,

Which dark together ivies close ;
Where birds of brightest plumage sing
In bowers green, of endless spring,
And Eden, new, unvoxed with wiles,
On nature's God, its author, smiles.

With these and those unnumbered charms,
Where winter chills or summer warms,
From east to west; where oceans roll
From Arctic to Antarctic Pole,
He thus conceives and will proclaim,
To all those lands beyond the main ;
And last will he, though wearied first,
With ships equipped, his thralldom burst ;
And launching forth with fearless band,
Will mount the seas to seek thy land ,
And long on stormy billows tossed,
At length will find thy distant coast,
And mooring on thy wood-land shore,
Will number all its beauties o'er ;
When joyous he will soon return,
Exulting to his native home ;
And spreading wide his knowledge free,
Will praise the lands beyond the sea.
Then, soon from out those fairy lands,
Will come in fleets their hardened bands,
And swarming to thy peaceful glades,
Will take and burn thy forest shades.
And though thy children sigh and moan,
They'll drive them from their native home.

More skilled in war, they'll take their soil,
Their verdant haunts, and hamlets spoil;
Thy fathers' mounds, with earthy domes,
They'll level down, and strow their bones;
And warring then, will drive them west,
And drive them last to endless rest.
With poisoned cup and bloody war,
They'll drive them o'er those mountains far,
Where, red with blood, the sun will yet,
True emblem of their fortunes, set;
And mild Pacific's heaving surge,
Will sing alone thy nation's dirge.
Thus, then, sweet wanderer, forest maid,
The drama yet is to be played;
And act thou well thy varied part,
Then fix it deeply in thy heart;
While I, my anxious mission done,
Content, will seek my mountain home."

Then quick the Fairy's flapping wings,
Shot back their light in livid streams,
And shooting through the air on high,
Soon faded in the distant sky:
When sad the maid in gloom profound,
Uprose and quick her cabin found,
And dreaming slept in sweet repose,
Till morning fresh again arose.

THE MAIDEN'S TOUR.

CANTO III.

When fresh with dew the rosy morn,
In mellow tints anew was born,
The forest maid, refresh'd arose,
Determined on her tour of woes.
And dressing gay her slender waist,
In hunter's frock, adorn'd with taste;
And filling thick her crown with flowers,
And gaudy plumes from her own bowers,
She fastened to her wampum belt,
Her hatchet, and each arrow felt;
And shoulders clad with furs and beads,
She ready seemed for daring deeds.
And like the highland Ladie Boy,
Her features shone, with beams of joy;
While o'er her shining locks there played,
Her nodding plumes and ivy-braid.
Arrayed at length from head to toe,
As gay young hunter lads would go,
With parting tears she turned to view,
And take of all her long adieu;
And thus unto her native dell,
She spoke, and took her sad farewell.

Ah! now has come, sweet native glade,
The time when I must leave thy shade;

When I no more in noontide hour,
In peace may seek my youthful bow'r ;
And wander 'long Chenango's stream
At eve, to see its ripples gleam ;
Or blithe, to trace its mossy side,
And toss wild flowers in its tide :
And hear those murmers, purling low,
Which gently 'long thy valley flow.
No more, bright stream, in bark canoe,
Will e're my youth those scenes review ;
When gay my boat with flowers crown'd,
And boughs o'erhung, with ivies bound,
I floated down thy stream along,
And happy sung my forest song.

And ah ! that time, when with my mother,
We sat on yonder bank together ;
Where first she bathed my infant hair,
And wreathed it up with lilies fair ;
And, printing on my lips the kiss,
Told fairy tales of hope and bliss.
O time, forever vanish'd—gone,
How swiftly sped thy course along !
No mother now to wish me well,
No mother's tongue to fondness tell ;
No mother's smile nor beaming eye,
Nor tender kiss to hush my sigh ;—
But low she sleeps beneath that tree,
Where oft in youth she fondled me ;

Where now, upon her silent grave,
The gloomy grass and willow wave.
Ah mother! sleep; may spirits' tread
Alone approach thy lowly head,
And guard thee in thy earthly cell,
Till I regain my native dell;
O mother, sleep, till then—farewell.
And farewell, sweet Chenango, long,
May there thy waters bauble on;
And breathe among these hills their voice,
Of peace, throughout their endless course.
May never hostile savage dare,
To die thy banks with bloody war,
Or shout along thy woodland dells,
Their horrid whoops and painful yells;
But sweet in peace may ever reign,
Thy forests wide o'er hill and plain;
And safe reside my father's band,
Unharmed within their native land;
(Though fears I have that fate decrees,
As me to go, to wound their ease;)
Yet may you all thus here remain,
In peace till I return again.
And heaven guard my parent, too,
And shield him all his perils through;
And breathe a peace throughout this dell;
Chenango, last, to thee,—farewell."

When thus the youthful maid had said,

She, weeping, turned her parting tread,
And long through woods and mountains o'er,
Where never she had ranged before,
She held her way, in search to find,
The Viscum tree of mystic kind.
And marching on with stately air,
As warriors home from signal war,
She, fearless, traced the gloomy wild,
A rover, though a forest child.

She went where dread Niagara falls,
And dashes o'er its rocky walls;
Down from its peerless summit driv'n,
And heaving wild its peaks to heaven;
Where e'en the rocks like aspen shake,
And awed, the hills incessant quake:
And there, astounded, wild, she stood
As petrified, to eye its flood;—
To hear its thunders, deafening, roar
And bellow 'long the foaming shore.
She gazed upon this scene sublime
Long time, and mused her wondering mind;
Then round her looked, if chance might she,
Somewhere behold her Viscum tree;
But nowhere 'mid that rocky scene,
Could she descry its fadeless green;
And done, she left those rocky isles,
And onward-bound, pursued the wilds.

At length, where vast Ontario rolls,
Muttering o'er its western shoals,
And stretches to the rising sun,
From thence its sheet of blue and dun,
She came ; and quick her bark canoe,
With hatchet hewn,—to launch it drew ;
And like a Neptune spirit brave,
She sped her chariot o'er the wave;
And onward, to some eastern clime,
On dauntless steered against the wind.
And when afar from either shore,
Her bark its onward progress bore ;
While day was sinking down the west,
'To seek its couch of quiet rest ;
She westward saw with peering night,
Grumbling clouds and flashes bright.
And soon, when day's last light was gone,
And night o'er all its shades had drawn ;
The winds swift rolled the blacken'd cloud,
And lashed the billows—shrieking loud ;
Till maddened up, they writhed and foamed
And opening, through their caverns groaned ;
While o'er their dark abysses deep,
The tempest raved, the lightnings leaped ;
And flashing round her stately head,
Disclosed the awful waters, dread ;
Till lighting on her bark canoe,
They chased around its margin too,

And streaming forth—a fringe of light—
A beacon told her way by night.
Yet round her, while the surges dashed,
Loud thunders rolled and lightnings flashed,
She, dauntless, through the chaos dark,
On safely steered her birchen bark.
And when again the morning dawn,
Disclosed to view the broken storm,
Bright as the moon from clouds of gloom,
The maid emerged from mist and foam;
And catching first the beams of day,
Her dripping plumes like diamonds lay;
While bright with smiles she seemed to be,
A Venus, new, from out the sea.

But now again the silver wake,
Was shining o'er the peaceful lake ;
And far and near the morning ray
Effulgent, cheered her onward way ;
And shooting o'er the glassy flood,
She soon descried the distant wood ;
Far-winding, like some purple vine,
Along the dim horizon line :
And plying fast her dipping oar,
Soon moored again upon the shore.
And there fatigued, 'mid shrubs and trees,
She laid her down to take her ease ;
And when refreshed with due repose,
Blithe from her couch again arose ;

And veering east, she turned her tread,
O'er deep'ning woods and mountains dread ;
While either side, in herds at play,
The bounding deer fled swift away ;
And scamp'ring through the woody glade,
Soon vanished 'neath the distant shade.
Thus on she held her tedious way,
Till Phœbus low withdrew the day,
And tranquil night had spread its veil
Of hazy gloom, o'er hill and dale ;
When weary much, she sunk to rest,
In sweet repose on nature's breast.
But soon again, fair morning, bright,
From out the east throws forth its light ;
And rising fresh with rest regaled,
The morning birds with joy she hailed ;
And soon prepared, her course again
She bent across the forest plain.
With lofty step and eagle eye,
She passed each gazing hunter by,
Who, looking on her graceful form,
Her shining plumes as bright as morn,
Her hunter frock of spangled fur,
And strings of shells adorning her,
Conceived her some young chieftain boy,
Some mother's pride, some fair one's joy.

And bearing on, she sought that scene,

Where Shatemuck * begins its stream ;

*Hudson River

And there, while sunk the solar light,
She lighted up her camp for night.
A splintered tree, soon wrapt in blaze,
Shed far around its heating rays ;—
And 'neath a bower made of boughs
Near by, she laid her down to drowse.
But round her soon began to howl
The hungry wolf; and panthers prowl ;
And mountain wild-cats, piercing scream,
Low-couching through the gloomy scene.
And near her, upon rocks and trees,
Their flaming eyes glared through the leaves ;
And moving round her, muttering, growled,
While fearful; those more distant howled.
'Mid this, the fearless forest child,
Undaunted sat, but watched the wild ;
While from her bow most tightly strung,
Betimes would swift her arrows hum.
But morning dawned ; the beasts retired
To coverts dark, with roving tired ;
When she arose, the thicket scanned,
To see what breast had rued her hand:
And lo ! a bloody panther lay,
Outstretched upon the rooty clay ;
And wended deep, her flinty dart
Still trembled, reeking in his heart.
And rambling o'er the dusky wood,
She frequent saw the trails of blood ;
And seeking round, her arrows found,

Hurled into trees, or o'er the ground ;
Which gathered up, she turned her course,
More eager from the river's source;
And soon possessed of bark canoe,
She launched into the current blue ;
When, like some warrior home from fight,
She loudly sung her feats of night.

But soon again wild nature's scenes,
Captive led her wandering gleams ;
For gazing round with steadfast eyes,
In raptures o'er the woodland dies,
She saw proud Hudson's highlands crowned,
With stately woods and shades profound ;
And reaching out along the shore,
The branches of the sycamore ;
With ivies wound, and grape-vines hung,
In wanton beauty wildy clung.
And gaudy flowers richly blown,
In wild profusion, loosely strown.
O'er sedgy wastes and floating reeds,
Where water-fowl, scared from the weeds,
On wide-extended pinions borne,
Sought some bare tree with lightning torn,
Or leafless bough, from whence to see
The danger near that made them flee.
She saw above, on summits high,
The glancing deer cast down his eye ;
Or on some crag, the basking wolf.

In moody gaze look down the gulf ;
While round her soft from leaping rills,
A music wild came down the hills ;
And singing birds in countless throngs,
With vieing strains poured forth their songs.
And she admiring, chanting too,
Gently down the current drew ;
Like Orpheus down Strymon's glade,
When chanting for Euridice's shade.

But when again mild eve had spread,
Its sable clouds and darkness dread,
She laid her down within her boat,
And floated on till morn awoke :
And thus each day until she found,
Her bark moored in the ebbing Sound ;
And there, long while she sought to see,
Somewhere in bloom, her Viscum tree.
But foiled in all, she onward steered,
(Her bark into the ocean veered,)
And viewing close the woody shore,
'To southern climes she swiftly bore.
And passing many a scene sublime,
Of peerless cliffs o'er-hung with pine ;
Of frowning rocks bleak 'long the shore,
Where heavy surges, dashing, roar ;
And many deep majestic streams,
Out-winding from the wildest scenes ;
Long o'er whose breasts each paddle jar,

Would echo back, off sounding far :
At which in haste the startled birds,
With splashing wings would leave the surge ;
On jetty plumes with white and gray,
Swift wheel into the woods away.
And oft along the shady strand,
In scattered drove the hunter band,
With shouts aloud and ringing cheer,
Would o'er the wilds pursue the deer.
Thus every scene along the shore,
A novel charm and beauty wore ;
Yet, close the maid each island scanned,
To find if e'er, her yellow wand.
But hapless, long in vain she looked,
Throughout each isle, in glen and nook,
Yet no where there, through fairy scenes,
E'er bloomed the tree of all her dreams.

With deep despair, o'erwhelmed at last,
In grief and pain she stood aghast ;
For now where Florida's distant verge,
Receives and breaks the southern surge,
She stood ; and no more isles in view,
Of fairy scenes and brilliant hue.
Her hopes were lost ; while most she vowed,
With courage such as theirs endowed,
To die as those fair maids of old,
Who, lovelorn, from Leucate hurled,
Their bodies down into the sea,
Their broken hearts and minds to free.

But soon o'er ruled by reason's voice,
She yielded to a better choice ;
And catching well the northern breeze,
Far launched into the southern seas.
There long she drifted o'er the wave,
And pictured near her watery grave ;
As sea-birds lost and weary worn,
Founder down with tempests borne ;
Thus, then, the Indian maid forlorn,
Resolved at last to meet the storm.
But when all lands were lost awhile,
Lo ! far appeared a sea-girt isle,
Which, reaching soon, she quickly found
With fragrant groves and flowers crowned.
The gales were fresh, with odors sweet
From spicy shrubs and bowers deep ;
While loud with joy the feathered throng,
Waked all the woods with endless song.
And more to swell the pleasing note,
Each rolling billow softly broke
With music sweet, on reefs of pearl
And coral, with a gentle curl.
She landed soon with beating heart,
And upward drew her birchen bark ;
Then hastened with an anxious mein,
To scrutinize the fairy scene.
And winding 'long a stream that played,
Gently through a sylvan shade,
She soon approached a crystal fount,

Sparkling beneath a verdant mount ;
And there, before her startled eyes,
The Viscum bloomed ! her dearest prize.
With silver buds and shining leaves,
It blossomed there 'mid fragrant trees ;
In bowers, as the Fairy said,
"Of olive and of myrtle made."

And seeing which, enraptured now,
She wildly sprung and seized the bough,
And viewing it with sweet surprise,
Bright tears of joy suffused her eyes.
Obtained, she quick with joyous heart,
Returned to launch her birchen bark ;
And soon the isle in fading view,
Received her long and last adieu.
Green Florida, with forests bright,
Soon dawned again upon her sight :
And nearing fast, soon reached its shades,
Whose summer verdure never fades.
There, lone, the forest maiden fair,
The yellow bough twined in her hair ;
Which waving round in fadeless bloom,
Soon bent toward the forest gloom.

And following on the way it bent,
She through the northern forests went ;
O'er hill, and plain, and boggy moor,
With quenchless zeal pursued her tour.
With rapturous heart, blithe and gay,

Through fairy lands she held her way ;
O'er scenes of wild, romantic lakes,
Surrounded thick with woods and brakes;
And 'long those streams with palms o'er spread,
Where olives fresh, and fig-trees shed
Their odors sweet, and cypress grow,
Tall cedars wave, and laurels blow ;
Where limes and prunes and grapes abound,
Rich orange groves and vines are found ;
Where huge live-oaksspread wide their shades,
O'er roses wild, and flowery glades ;
And tall, the proud magnolia * grown
Supreme, waves high its dark green cone ;
And bearing 'loft its milk-white flowers,
—Its kingly robe—o'er forest towers.
Through these wild scenes, (our Florida,
Our nation's born Arcadia,)
'Neath brighter than Italian skies,
Or Grecian bloom of forest dies,
The Indian maiden wandered on,
Beguiling languor with her song.

And thus each day, until a time,
(Yet wand'ring through the southern clime,)
While slow the sun sunk in the west,
Beyond the the purple hills to rest ;
And chirping birds through wood and dell.
Seemed taking, loathe, their sweet farewell ;
* This tree is often 100 feet high with large white
flowers, 12 inches in diameter.

While wending long a lovely vale,
Refreshed by every soothing gale,
The Viscum bough dropt from her head,
And sparkling, fell beneath her tread.
She, startled, stopt, at this amazed,
And round o'er all in wonder gazed :
When last, beneath a cypress tree,
Spread o'er a fountain's baub'ling glee,
She saw a youth absorbed in grief,
Fond'ling o'er a flowery wreath.
Approaching near, the forest mail,
Unseen, gazed on him from the shade;
And scanning o'er his lofty mien,
His piercing eye of flashy gleam ;
His features smooth and handsome form,
His shining dress with spangles worn,
With kindling love was soon inspired,
And gazing more, the more admired.
But chance, she rustling with her step,
As quick his glance her beauty met ;
And he at once, with love inspired,
Gazing loved, and loved admired.
Then modest, tossing her his wreath,*
She wound it fresh with ivy leaf,
And twined it round her forehead wide,—
A token of his promised bride.
And sitting 'neath the forest tree,
He lisped of love and so did she ;

* The Indian manner of proposal was by a present from the suitor: if accepted, it was a consent; if not, a refusal.

What he had dreamed of her he told,
Then she, the Fairy's tale of old.
And last when day had bid adieu,
They walking to his hamlet drew,
And to his sire, the chieftain's son,
Then led his fair adoring one;
And there she found a lover's home,
And never more did wish to roam.
And wooing long, the royal pair,
In noonday shades and evening air,
In pleasure whiled their time away,
Till came at last their bridal day;
With blithful scenes of feast and song,
To make their fates forever one.

END OF CANTO IIL

FESTIVAL.

CANTO IV.

Two summer suns had now been forth,
To clothe in green the distant north,
(The last of which, turned back again,
Was leading autumn in its train,)
Since, hunter-clad, the forest maid,
Had wandered from her native glade.
The bridal morn had now arrived,
The festal grove with plenty thrived ;
And chieftains plumed from other lands,
Set far around with crested bands ;
While o'er their heads throughout the grove,
'Mid arching shades, green ivies wove ;
With flow'rets wound and spicy leaves,
To sweetly scent the passing breeze.
At length, with gems and plumes adorned,
Their nuptial rites were soon performed ;
When all, as if from blissful trance,
Burst forth in song and bounding dance.
Around the pair in circle wide,
With hands conjoined and rapid stride,
Old age and youth throughout the night,
Loud-chanting danced in wild delight ;
Their songs afar like roaring floods,

Rung off among the distant woods,
And streaming flames, before the breeze,
Flapp'd high above the forest trees;
While some in feast or else engaged,
Of future feats and scenes presaged.
The nuptial scene at length passed by,
When morn had lit the azure sky,
Each war-like chief and band retired,
With pleasing raptures full inspired;
And winding off from whence they came,
Each sought his native home again.
The forest Queen (no more the Maid)
Now wished again her native glade;
And prided with her daring chief,
Who wore around his brow the wreath,
Of Victor; famed in many a strife
On bloody fields with dangers rife;
Whose name had been to foes a terror,
Whose fury was in fight their horror;
Whose eloquence, though rash and young
In counsel, dwelt on every tongue;
Whose youthful power and beauty rare,
Became the theme of every fair;—
She joyed with him to lead his band
Of warriors fierce, far to her land;
And if by chance some savage tribe,
Had ravished since her regions wide,
And slain her aged chieftain sire,
And native tribe, with slaughter dire;
To route and chase the bloody horde,

Again to wilds from whence they poured.

And soon, with all his eager band,
With hatchet armed, and bow in hand ;
With arrows 'quipped, and clubs of war,
And piercing shouts, resounding far,
The Gray Wolf,* with his forest Queen,
Set off to seek this northern scene.
With flashing eyes and hasty tread,
He, eager, forth his warriors led ;
While 'midst his plumes the Viscum bough,
Bent proudly o'er his lofty brow.
As days and weeks fast rolled away,
They onward held their dreadful way,
Till by the Chesapeake at last ;
And far up Susquehannah passed,
With speed they wound their vengeful course,
A matchless and resistless force.

They came at length to that wild scene,†
Where blue Chenango yields its stream ;
Out-turning from its purling mouth,
Its glassy flood far from the north ;
And there, in last dread council met,
The Gray Wolf with his chieftains set.
A heap of wood in circle piled,
Aloft they built high in the wild ;
Which, wrapt in flames, in midst of night,
Sublime sent up its streams of light :

*The young chief's name.

†Binghamton.

And when at times more lofty risen,
Seemed shooting near the vault of heaven.
The hills around and distant wood,
Seemed hung in leaves of dripping blood,
And as portending slaughter dire,
Chenango rolled like floods of fire.

And when the song and pow-wow dance
Were hushed, Gray Wolf, arising, glanced
His dark keen eye round o'er his crowd,
And all were still as evening cloud,—
His speech began. His warriors heard
In silence deep each falling word,
Till kindled with his glowing tongue,
They longed to have the fight begun.
He ceased; Chenango's scattered tribe,
Again united, joined his side,
And, marching round by hundreds, took
Their posts in place. Their gay plumes shook
And glittered in the blazing light;—
With flashing eyes in rage for fight;
Like some bold warrior who at last,
By measures foul has been surpassed;
But gaining soon the vantage ground,
With fury rages to confound,
And wreaking vengeance, overthrow
In turn with slaughter, every foe;
Thus they, undreaming, were surprised,
And crushed by hellish schemes, devised
By savage foes, when unprepared

With stores or arms with which they warred.
Hence soon compelled to leave their land,
They wandered forth, a scattered band,
Deprived of means, their chieftain slain,
No vantage ground could e'er they gain.
But now their fortunes changed apace,
And they were burning to replace,
Their fallen honor, and to wreak
Their bloody vengeance on the weak.

The forest Queen now rose to speak,
Some knowledge more of home to seek ;
Of tribe and kindred which of late,
Had rued so much the hand of fate ;
And called on some Chenango sire,
To rise and tell the fortunes dire,
That then befell her native tribe,
When she was off o'er forests wide ;
And more, withal, to duly tell,
If yet her sire, their chief, was well.
When thus she ceased ; a silence reigned
Wide o'er the crowd ; while all remained
In quiet seats ; till soon arose,
An aged sire bent down with woes ;
Whose sons were seen in battle fall,
His daughters, wife, for mercy call,
In vain on the uplifted blade,
Which ne'er for aught its fury stayed.
He thus began : " Ye Indian Chiefs
And warriors brave ; my bosom grieves

And aches, when I am called to tell,
The fortunes which us then befell.
Our tribe is maimed, its strength is lost,
The glory of its ancient host ;
Brave Thick Neck,* our undaunted chief,
Has gone beyond this vale of grief.
A savage foe, fair forest Queen,
Came from a far-off northern scene ;
Beyond Ontario's mighty flood,—
Out from that wild eternal wood,—
And borne in fleet and bark canoe,
They down upon thy valley drew.
When scarce eight moons had rolled away,
Since thou hadst gone thy onward way,
They came,—a wild and dauntless horde,
And howling on thy regions poured.

'Twas on a day, when chief our men,
In chase had left their native glen,
When brave old Thick Neck, silver haired,
(Too old for chase, with age impaired,)
Remained to guard the fortress, while
His warriors young chased o'er the wild.
The cloudy noon was warm and still,
Save the soft breeze or prattling rill ;
That murmured 'long the winding glade,
And soothing chimed through every shade.
The youth engaged in gambling play,
In airy mirth whiled off the day ;

*See His. Col. of N. Y.

While age, decrepit, joyful, free,
Loud sung its songs with youthful glee.

'Twas noon when first the fight began,
The war-whoop shrill burst from the van,
When onward, like some rushing storm,
Their clouds of death, unstayed were borne ;
And thus till night the battle raged,
Repulses near the storm assuaged ;
While, from the fort, each wild attack,
Dealt raining death and horror back.
Our hamlets burned, our homes destroyed,
With Indian blood, our streamlets cloyed ;
They then, more dread, burst on the fort,
With mad'ning rage hurled down the port ;
When hand to hand, brave Thick Neck strove,
And backward thrice their legions drove.
And thus thy sire undaunted fought,
While aided scarce, till each horde sought
Rest from the fight, around its fires,
Or counsel took with aged sires.

When wearied much, and weak with years,
O'erdone in fight, and chased with fears ;
And musing o'er his pending fate,
His aged frame began to quake ;
As if some high, supernal power,
Had just disclosed his fatal hour.
And tortured thus, in dreadful plight,—
As swiftly winged away the night,—

The last afar in wild despair,
Saw mellow twilight dawning fair;
With horror shook, and boding fears,
His aged cheeks ran down with tears;
And turning last to them he said:
“Ye wives and children of my glade,
If here you in these walls remain,
Till morning lights the shades again;
If out we longer think to bar
Our major foe, with deathful war;
We here ourselves are doomed to die;—
With dying groans to rend the sky.
So now, withal, quick haste your flight,
Ere morning quite dispells the night;
Betake yourselves o’er hill and dale;
While we will course along the vale,
And thus elude their dread pursuit,
Until our scattered bands recruit;
So westward speed o’er hill and dell,
And take perhaps this last farewell.”

When thus the aged chief had spoke,
Each turned, no more the silence broke,
And parting down the vale he fled,
And they, to yonder mountain head.
And there, amidst those caverned rocks,*
Grown thickly o’er with weeds and copse;
Where prattling school boys often rove,
And stand upon their verge above;

*Big Rock.

Then there, Chenango's Indian maids,
A covert found beneath their shades ;
And secret lived to weep alone,
The havoc of their peaceful home.
Then there, as now, green ivies were,
And wood-bines waved their blossoms there ;
Those rocks the same their shadows throw,
And frown upon the vale below ;
But ah ! how changed from that before,
Is now that Indian group of yore.
The aged chief long held his race,
O'er fallen trees and roots apace ;
And last set down to shortly rest,
His trembling limbs with age oppressed.
While thus, again the war-whoop drear,
In swift pursuit fell on his ear.
He rose, when scarce his aged frame,
Could more support his weight again ;
And straggling 'long his wildered path,
Bid last his few evade their wrath,
And flee their dread pursuers near,
If now they could ; nor drop a tear ;
Unworthy of his warlike bands,
Though should he fall by cruel hands.
When round he turned to that wild shore,
(Warne's Pond now called, though not of yore)
And plunging 'neath the floating wood,
And growing weeds that high o'er-stood,
Thought thus concealed, secure his form,
And safe from the pursuing storm.

But soon came up the panting foe,
With glances wild like wounded roe;
And gazing o'er the varied scene,
Weeds soon descried, late-tangled been,
And scattered logs as just besprent,
With loosened jags that floating went ;
And all indicative that here,
Some where amid those rushes near,
The chief pursued must lay concealed,
Not able more his course to wield.
They searched, they found, and drew him forth,
In phrenzy wild to rue their sport ;
And tied unto a center tree,
They round him danced in wildest glee.
He long was lashed ; with arrows stung ;
With hatchets gashed and tortures wrung,
When last his soul from howls and cries,
High winged its flight above the skies.

When done, they placed his body low
'Neath muck and weeds, that we might know
Not where his last remains repose ;
Or shed o'er them for all his woes,
The silent tear ; and plant his grave
With willows sad, to droop and wave,—
Emblems of grief,—and us to tell,
Oft when the low breeze sung his knell
Among their boughs ; that 'neath their shade
Brave Thick Neck, of Chenango laid.
And oft, fair Queen, the Indian sees,

His spirit floating o'er the trees,
And riding on some airy cloud,
It whispers to the Indian loud,
And tells him, with his ancient band,
He's happy in the spirit-land ;
Where all our spirits yet shall come,
And find with him a brighter home ;—
Yes, sire and son, and maid and mother,
When, new, the stars will sing together.
Thus, Forest Queen, thy dreaded foes,
Have filled thy vale with bitter woes ;
Have slain thy sire, thy power riven,
Thy warriors from their homes have driven ;
Have burned thy cabins, strown thy wood,
With much thy best, thy bravest blood.”
When thus; the aged sire in tears

Set down, nor more of vanished fears
An evil told. Then Gray Wolf, fired,—
With dread suspense already tired,—
Arose ; and calling to his band,
Of burning warriors at each hand,
They followed on with fire tread ;
Along the vale like arrows sped ;
Till soon upon that even ground,*
Where towers now their aged mound,
The warriors met. From trees and logs,
They howling rushed like savage dogs,
Upon each other's bands, and dread,
Each clashed to number with the dead.

* Near the village of Green.

The hills along at broken spells,
Bore up their wild and awful yells ;
While dying groans, and clashing blows,
And humming darts together rose.
Till last gave way the northern hordes,
Scared up the vale like frightened birds,
And yelling on with rapid bounds,
They fled away like wounded hounds ;
And reaching soon brave Thick Neck's fort,*—
With gory walls and bloody court—
They inward rushed, and girded round
With bastion steep and mural mound,
(Which on a bluff of peerless height,†
Down-looking seemed to scorn the fight.)
Bethought themselves at last secure,
Of vantage ground in battle sure.

But Gray Wolf, with his dauntless Queen,
On-rushing soon, o'er-whelmed the scene,
And girding round the vested fort,
As quick commenced the deathful work.
Their wirling blades and arrows met,
As driving hail the fields beset ;
Or, as from alverse quarters come,
Two blackened storms and blended in one :
Both first around in chaos hurled,
Backward, sideways and forward whirled,
Then onward where the stronger hies,
The weaker by compulsion flies.

*At Oxford.

†Fort Hill.

Thus they, till Gray Wolf, (now their dread)
Upon the wall, his bravest led ;
Which mounting soon, in swarming band,
They closing, grappled hand to hand ;
And writhing, griping, straining, fought,
And dying, e'en for vengeance sought.

Thus victory swerved till sun went down ;
E'en fate seemed doubtful which to crown ;
When Gray Wolf waved his Viscum bough,
(Quick wrested from his crested brow,)
And onward, like a rolling flood,
They scaled the walls through streams of blood ;
And slain by half, soon drove them out,
And howling, put their hordes to rout.

But eve had now drawn deep around
Its sleeping robe, and slumber found ;
When Gray Wolf sought his forest Queen,
To quiet sleep from battle scene.
And far along Chenango's stream,
His crested warriors couched were seen ;
Their canopy, the forest trees,—
Their pillows, velvet moss and leaves :
While o'er the scene the stars did weep,
And zephyrs lulled the bands to sleep,
As through Chenango's willow hair,
They, sighing, kissed its features there.
But o'er that ditch and bloody court,
The walls and woods by yonder fort ;
The Death Bird waved its sable wings,

And screamed its triumph o'er the scenes ;
While true, Chenango's moaning surge,
Sung low the dying warriors dirge.

Ah ! now how changed yon green Fort Hill !
Why not those woods and mounds there still ?
Those tall dark pines, those elms, the shade,
Where danced and sung my forest maid ?
Yes, where is now that verdant bow'r,
She, wandering, sought at evening hour ?
Where now that mother's grave so dear,
On which she shed the youthful tear ;
And where is that bold hunter band,
Who danced where yonder brick walls stand ?
Those warriors brave with eagle eyes,
That fought where yonder temples rise ?
And where is that brave warlike chief,
Whose arm was death, whose track was grief ;
And where that fort, that castled ground,
Those pond'rous walls, that sloping mound !
Departed all, they rest unfound,
As ages roll their cycles round ;
While youth at play unthinking tread,
And gambol o'er the warrior's head.
But warrior, sleep, although thy name,
Is yet untold, unsung thy fame ;—
Although no bard hath touched the lyre,
And sung thy deeds with melting fire ;
Although thy laurels bloomed to fade,

*The Brick building belonging to Mr. Willcox.

And wither with thy forest shade;—
Still in that land where spirits are,
Thou yet wilt find them blooming there,

But morn again with pinions bright.
Soon upward shot with streams of light,
And gilding fair the dappled east,
Spread o'er the clouds his rosy feast;
And waked the hosts through forests far,
For early chase and hostile war.
Then Gray Wolf, with fresh strength renewed,
Soon roused his band, the chase pursued;
And onward, long through day and night,
O'er hill and vale he chased their flight,
Till lastly near Ontario's side,
He fell upon their broken tribe;
Which struggling now in deathful strife,
Fought last for all, for home, for life.
With horrid yells the rent shore,
Completely drowned the water's roar;
While wide along the streaming blood,
Deep-crimsoned o'er the glassy flood.
And rushing last, the living few,
Their boats into the waters drew;
Like shattered flocks, with ceaseless force,
They swiftly wound their fleeting course;—
A beaten, crippled, meager band,
To reach again their native land.
While Gray Wolf done, exulting, proud,
Returned with songs and pœans loud;

And sought again Chenango's stream,
To make his Princess, Forest Queen.

- Theirsavage foe subdued at last,
And all those scenes of slaughter passed,
Again obtained their native glade;
Each purling stream, and cooling shade,
Each mountain land, and winding vale;
Their youthful haunts o'er hill and dale;
They burned again the council fire,
And dancing, mingled youth and sire;
And crowning all with song and feast,
For peace and joy their triumphs ceased.
Then o'er the dead where first they fought,
They spread green boughs, and flowers brought;
And well with earth high heaped around,
They founded there a lofty mound; *
Which even now in part remains,
- The wondrous theme of pensive swains,
As deep the lab'ring plough-share turns
To idle gaze, their bleaching bones.

Of these disposed, some sought to gain
Their southern home by march again;
While others chose this northern scene,
To serve their chief and forest Queen;
Who now with wealth and glory crowned,
Sweet bliss in peace and pleasure found;
As through Chenango's shades and bowers,
They happy passed their fleeting hours.
*Mound below Greene. See His. Col.

And long these streams and tinkling rills ;
Wandering o'er the vales and hills,
They rambled oft, and wildly sung,
Their signal deeds in battle done ;
Or, couched beneath their bower at eve,
They freshly twined the flowery wreath ;
While listening to the nightingale ,
Or cuckoo in the winding vale,
Whose mellow notes before the breeze,
Soft floated up to charm and please.
Old Time thus rolled each youthful year,
With nuptial bliss and ceaseless cheer,
Till dropping oft he unaware,
Had decked their heads with silver hair ;
At which stern Death soon turned his eye,
And let his sting of venom fly ;
When, dying both, they bid farewell,
To old and young, to wood and dell ;
And side by side their spirits risen,
Winged up their joyful flight to heaven.

And o'er their bodies in one grave,
Now by Chenango's silver wave,
Each spring strows fair her sweetest flowers,
And summer weaves her greenest bowers;
While still Chenango's winding stream,
Low whispers of the forest Queen.

FINIS .



